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PACE THAT KILLS

Surgeon General Rixy sends a note of warning to the American people when he declares that the death of Secretary Hay and a number of other men prominently identified with the government in recent years is due to too much work and too little exercise.

The statement, coming from an authority so high cannot be passed without consideration. Senator Hanna, Vice-President Hobart and Postmaster General Payne are given as other examples of men who in their work for the government burned the candle at both ends. They died when they were most useful in carrying on the projects in which they were engaged, and, as the surgeon general says, others of America's best men may soon follow them if they attempt to maintain the same pace.

These things are by no means new. The energy of the American is one of the wonders of the world, and there is reason to believe that persons in private life die from the cause that has taken so many public men. The mad pace appears to pervade all branches of society, and while some men have the wisdom to temper their toil with the necessary exercise they appear to be the exception rather than the rule.

It is therefore plain that if Americans are to live their allotted days they must change their mode of living. But how? The principles are established and it is difficult to change them. It has become almost second nature for the American to hustle, evidently one of the most dangerous elements of our business life.

THE PRINTING SCANDAL

The secret investigation into the affairs of the public printing office in Washington may or may not develop a sensation, but the question is raised as to the advisability of inquiring into charges of this character without permitting the public to know all that is going on.

It appears that the manufacturer of a machine used in printing suspected that some other manufacturer had the ear of some important official, and he believed he would not receive his full share of justice when the machinery was purchased. This thought found form in certain charges, and a commission was named by the president to investigate and is now at work. To the present there has been only an intimation of what the result will be.

While the charges are publicly made, there may be some good reason why the investigation has been so carefully guarded. It is possible it will result in nothing more than the development of commercial jealousy, and it may be it will show evidence of public corruption. Certain it is the president appears anxious to be informed before the scandal—if scandal it is to be—is given to the public. Unless some good reason of this kind does appear it might develop that the part of wisdom would have been to make the matter public from its beginning.

ADVERTISING CANNED SALMON

"This paper," says the Pacific Fisherman, "has already printed a number of interesting and instructive articles on the possibility of building up a much bigger market for canned salmon by a thorough system of world-wide advertising that would acquaint the public with many facts in which they are interested, but of which they have had no chance to learn because the salmon packer has neglected his opportunity to teach them; and at the same time profit by the educational work. The articles in this paper have been by leading advertising authorities of the country, men who knew of what they wrote, and had no especial reasons for stating anything but the facts. Their verdicts, without exception, have been to the effect that the man who can afford to can salmon can afford to advertise; that the

business has not developed to a fraction of the importance that it can obtain to if a thorough advertising campaign be inaugurated; that the salmon canner not only can afford to advertise, but that he cannot very well afford not to, when he is in the field for the development of as extensive a business with as large profits as possible, and the opportunity is obviously awaiting him through this channel.

Advertising men and papers that deal in advertising subjects have become much interested in this matter and the articles on the subject have elicited much discussion. The cannerymen have also become interested after seeing the matter in the clear light in which it was presented in this paper by E. W. Hazen of the Curtis Publishing Co., and one or two others. And while, as yet, no steps have been taken that would indicate that the advertising campaign is to begin, yet the ball has, in a way, been started rolling, and the time may not be far off when some or all of the packers may get together on some plan of advertising that will secure the general publicity of which is needed and be for the mutual benefit of all concerned."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Fair Exchange.

"Well, my dear," remarked the oil magnate, "the butcher doesn't seem adverse to taking our tainted money."
"No wonder," replied his wife sharply. "The sounder sends us tainted meat."
—Houston Chronicle.

The Buzzy Bumble Bee.

A bumble bee buzzed 'round the room—
Buzz—z—z—buzzoom!
The housewife chased it with a broom—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

She made a poor shot and the bee she missed—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

The bee to get even her fair cheek kissed—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

Another swipe and she missed it a mile—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

The bee right after her all the while—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

It smacked her nose and ruby mouth—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

It had the housewife going south—
Buzz—z—z—z—buzzoom!

We have the poor girl in an awful plight—
With our buzz—z—buzzoom!

But we've run out of z's, now she's all right—
Buzz—z—buzzoom.

Without e'm the bee can't buzz a bit.
And without this buzz we'll have to quit.
So we'll open the door and the bee can fly.

With his buzz—oom!
—A. L. Lovey, Butte Inter-Mountain.

Over In Russia.

"And what will the duke have for breakfast this morning?"

"It's according to what time you serve breakfast," replied the duke.

"It's set for 10 o'clock, sharp."

"Cut it out," said the duke, "I have just been notified that I am to be assassinated at 8:30."—Atlanta Constitution.

He Hadn't One.

"Yaas," complained Cholly Featherbone, "she called me a crank, don't you know?"

"How ridiculous," replied Miss Pepprey. "Why, a man is a crank of one idea."—Philadelphia Press.

Changed His Mind.

Physician—Your ailment lies in the larynx, throat and epiglottis.

Hooligan—Indade! An' me after a thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Ram's Horn.

Pardonable Curiosity.

The train was rushing over the trains of Western Kansas.

"Is that a jack rabbit, uncle?" asked the fair passenger who was looking out through the car window.

"Yes," replied the elderly man at her side.

"That's what you've said about all of them we've seen. Are there no—er—ah—Jill rabbits, uncle?"—Chicago Tribune.

Absent Mindedness.

"Why are you so absent minded about mailing letters?" said the reproving wife. "You never forget to smoke."

"That's absent mindedness again," answered the incorrigible. "I can't remember not to smoke."—Washington Star.

The Retort Merciless.

Scribbler—It's the most remarkable thing, don't ye know, that when I'm

feeling the worst I write me vewy cleverest things.

Grouch—To judge by your writings, then, you must have a mighty good run of general health.—Baltimore American

In The Market.

Eva Richly—Oh, I really don't think the count is marrying me for my money. There seems to be a bond of sympathy between us.

Edna Sinick—Then it must be a gold bond.—Chicago News.

Not Synonymous.

Kelly—It's meself is goin' to lade th' simple life durin' Lint.

O'Brien—Not a dhrap will ye touch, I suppose?

Kelly—Shure, phwat what makes ye think that a man can't be simple without being foolish?—Puck.

Room For Improvement.

"I have here an alarm clock that will kindle the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling," said the agent. "Can't I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs, I will be pleased to consider its purchase."—Chicago News.

In Church.

"How late do you generally sleep on Sunday morning?"

"Well, it all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Bright Thoughts
By the Little Ones

LITTLE Ethel (to mother at breakfast table)—These boiled eggs are cold. I guess the cook must have made a mistake and boiled them in cold water.

Emily was three years old, and this was the first time she had been to the zoo. The different animals were looked at with a great deal of interest. When she reached the birds we saw among them a stork standing on one leg and winking his eye. Suddenly little Emily called out: "Oh, mamma, look! The stork still knows me, 'cause he's winkin' at me."

Mrs. Hart, who had been married three times, was interesting a caller in the subject of ancestry when her little daughter suddenly left her dolls and joined them. Mrs. Hart, drawing the child affectionately near, interrupted herself by asking proudly:

"You, too, are interested in your forefathers, aren't you?"

Little Mary looked puzzled and answered surprisedly:

"Why, mother, I never had four fathers. I've only had three."

Had Too Many Indians.

Elizabeth had reached the age of nine years before encountering a really blood curdling bit of literature, but one day a volume dealing with far too realistic Indians fell into her small hands, and during the ensuing night the dreams of the terrified mite were filled with tomahawking, scalp lifting savages.

The following morning, as soon as the doors of the public library were open, Elizabeth made a bee line for the librarian. "Say," she gasped breathlessly, "if you're sure you've any book that hasn't a single Indian in it I want it! I need a change."—Baltimore Herald.

How to Find the Sheriff.

Rev. Dr. Andrews of Ohio is noted for his sentimentality both in and out of the pulpit. As he was coming down the street the other day a man asked him:

"Sir, can you tell me how to find the sheriff's office?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Every time you earn \$5 spend \$10." Saying this, the doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping upon the sidewalk.

He was a stranger in town on business and asked for information, but the more he thought the more he felt that the unknown informant had answered him wisely.—St. Louis Republic.

Heard at the Club.



Man in the Chair—Doctor, can insomnia be cured?

Doctor—Nothing easier. Any one can fall into a sound sleep by trying to count a thousand.

Man in the Chair—Y-e-s, but our baby can't count.—London Tatler.

He Knew.

"Come, now," the bad boy's mother cried, "it's time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"
"Sure," replied the bad boy. "It means it's no use for you washin' my face an' hands 'cause they'll on'y get dirty again."—Philadelphia Press.

Cautioned.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Newrich, "they told me where I bought this wine that it was over thirty years old."

"You look out for them people," his wife replied. "They'd 'a' never admitted it if they hadn't expected to stick you hard on something else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beauty Lost.

Mrs. Passay—Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?

Mrs. Witts—Well, I think it was very unkind of her to take it from you.—Tit-Bits.

Time to Pay Up.

Mr. Slangy—He hasn't paid his funeral expenses yet.

Guess Again—His funeral expenses? "Ye-es. Ain't he a dead one?"—Yonkers Herald.

Where Women Touch Their Hats.

Many years ago kissing was the most common mode of salutation in England, while shaking the hand was considered an evidence of the closest intimacy. Strangers would be kissed where to shake their hands would have been thought a most unwarrantable familiarity. It is, however, doubtful if in any part of the British Isles women touched their hats, as do the women of Corsica, a little town perched on a lofty peak of the Dolomite Alps. The women of this quaint town touch their hats like men on meeting an acquaintance and remove them on entering a church, placing them on the ledges in front of their seats. On leaving the building they take their hats in their hands and do not replace them until well past the church door.—London Chronicle.

Hardly!

Fargonn—I asked your daughter to marry me, and she just laughed at me.

Mr. Billyune—Well, did you want her to go into hysterics?—Woman's Home Companion.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Maintains unexcelled service from the west to the east and south. Making close connections with trains of all transcontinental lines, passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspond with the following representatives:

B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Ore.

J. C. LINDSEY, Trav. Passenger Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Ore.

PAUL B. THOMPSON, Passgr. Agent,
Coleman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Sunday Excursion to North Beach.

The Ilwaco Railway and Navigation Company are selling round trip tickets every Sunday from Astoria to all cotta, at a rate of one dollar for the points on Long Beach, including Nahround trip.

There's a pretty girl in an Alpine hat,
A sweeter girl with a sailor brim,
But the handsomest girl you ever see,
Is the sensible girl who uses Rocky Mountain Tea.

—Frank Hart, druggist.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough for fourteen years. Nothing helped me until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption coughs and colds, which gave instant relief, and effect a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure for throat and lung troubles. At Chas. Rogers drug store; prices 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Constipation and piles are twins. They kill people inch by inch, sap life away every day. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will positively cure you. No cure no pay. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets at Frank Hart's drug store.

The Wise Clock.

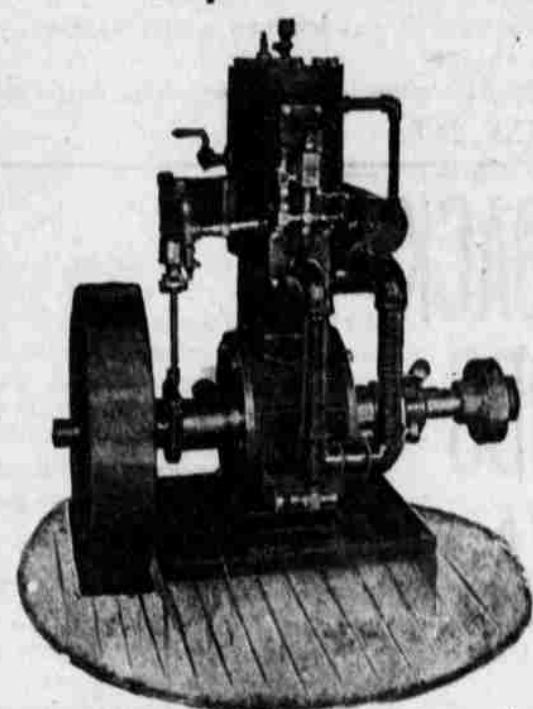
Mrs. Naggit (as Mr. Naggit comes in very late)—What time is it, Sebastian?
Mr. Naggit (loaded)—Nothin' (hie) nothin'. It's just (hie) got sense enough to (hie) keep quiet.—Exchange.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

BENTON'S NEW VALVELESS
GASOLINE MARINE ENGINE.

Simple and Reliable. Latest Cut.



Sizes 1 to 10 H. P., Single Cylinder.
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FOUR CYLINDERS TO ORDER TO 100 HORSE POWER.

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